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SKYLINE TRAIL



No. 60

SPRING

1952

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Skyliners of the '51 Trail


Aylard, Miss A. A.	Victoria, B.C.	Keeping, Mr. E. S.	Edmonton, Alta.
Aylard, Miss C. M.	Victoria, B.C.	Keeping, Mrs. E. S.	Edmonton, Alta.
Bowman, Miss B. J.	Calgary, Alta.	Kusnetz, Mr. Harold A.	Chicago, Ill.
Boyd, Miss Evelyn	Shelburne, Ont.	Lore, Miss Mary	Calgary, Alta.
Carter, Miss P. R.	Calgary, Alta.	Louden, Mr. R. D.	Calgary, Alta.
Chanter, Mr. F. H. W.	Nelson, B.C.	Martin, Mr. G. C.	West Vancouver, B.C.
Christensen, Miss B.	Calgary, Alta.	McCowan, Miss Helen	Brandon, Man.
Conant, Rev. R. S.	Hartford, Conn.	McCowan, Miss Margaret	Brandon, Man.
DesBrisay, Miss Eileen	Vancouver, B.C.	Nathan, Mr. George	Chicago, Ill.
DeLacy, Miss Bea	Portland, Ore.	Nichols, Mr. Graham	Montreal, Que.
Dreyer, Mr. Leo	Oakland, Cal.	Ottinger, Mr. Carl F.	Chicago, Ill.
Dowler, Dr. H. A.	Leader, Sask.	Penman, Miss Clair	London, Ont.
Duke, Mr. Ron	Banff, Alta.	Read, Miss Mary B.	Conshohocken, Pa.
Fallis, Miss Anne	Lethbridge, Alta.	Richards, Mr. Clarence	Calgary, Alta.
Fawdry, Miss Marion	Calgary, Alta.	Riley, Mrs. R. C.	Calgary, Alta.
Fisher, Mr. R. W.	Edmonton, Alta.	Robinson, Miss L.	Calgary, Alta.
Fitch, Mr. Franklin E.	New York, N.Y.	Senne, Miss Lois Jean	Maywood, Ill.
Galbraith, Miss Jean	Lethbridge, Alta.	Siegfried, Miss Jerry	Wichita, Kans.
Gest, Miss Lillian	Marion, Ill.	Somerville, Dr. A.	Edmonton, Alta.
Govern, Miss Miriam	Glenview, Ill.	Spreat, Miss Isobel C.	Calgary, Alta.
Hendrie, Miss M. P.	Calgary, Alta.	Sutter, Miss Cora M.	Edmonton, Alta.
Hinman, Miss Caroline	Summit, N.J.	Tucker, Miss E. M.	Brandon, Man.
Hollingworth, Mr. Frank	Edmonton, Alta.	Vallance, Mr. Sydney R.	Banff, Alta.
Hollingworth, Mrs. Frank	Edmonton, Alta.	Vallance, Mrs. Sydney R.	Banff, Alta.
Holmes, Mr. E. P.	Calgary, Alta.	Van Haaften, Miss G.	Amsterdam, Holland
Holmes, Miss Vivian	Moline, Ill.	Watson, Miss Kay	Calgary, Alta.
Hunt, Miss Jeanne	Calgary, Alta.	Wood, Miss Marion B.	Conshohocken, Pa.
Hutchings, Miss M. I.	Brandon, Man.	Young, Mr. John	Edmonton, Alta.



On the march

Good News for Trail Hiker of '52

★ ★ ★

 HERE'S good news for those who like their hiking well above timberline, on those flower-strewn alpine meadows, where the flimsy-needed larches take the place of the pines and spruce that blanket the lower levels.

These who have hiked the meadows of Simpson Summit and those who have yet to glimpse the trails in those areas will click their hob-nailed boots in delight to know that this region has been chosen for the hike of '52.

Our central campsite will be located at the foot of Mount Bourgeau in the vicinity of Harvey Pass. The camp will be reached by an eight-mile hike from Sunshine Ski Lodge, some 14 miles southwest of Banff. Hikers will be transported by bus from Banff to Sunshine Lodge.

Please remember the dates—Saturday, August 2nd through Wednesday, August 6th. If you wish further details the secretary treasurer will be pleased to send you a pamphlet dealing with all aspects of the camp.

An initial deposit of \$5.00 is requested with each application, this refundable if application is cancelled on or before July 1st.

LOOKING AHEAD

● Those of us who have enjoyed articles by Hiker E. P. Holmes of Calgary in past issues of *SKYLINE TRAIL* will be happy to learn that two full-length articles, written by this popular hiker, will appear in the June issue of this magazine.

The first gives an excellent and vivid picture of our exploits on last year's trails, while the second deals with nearby Kootenay Park, entitled *Canada's Mountain Heritage*.

We regret that these, along with other fine material, kindly submitted by fellow hikers, cannot be included in the present issue due to space limitations and general make-up. However, such features as those prepared by Mr. Holmes, will give us an ideal mag to start us off on the '52 trails.

The Skyline Trail

*Official Publication of the Skyline Trail
Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.*

The editor invites all members to contribute any news items or photographs they consider might be of interest to Trail Hikers in general. Any such material that cannot be used promptly will be kept on file for future issues or returned promptly. Address all communications to

GRAHAM NICHOLS
Secretary-Treasurer and Editor,
Skyline Trail Hikers,
Room 284, Windsor Station,
Montreal, Que.

What Do YOU Know?

● Was speaking to a fellow hiker recently and learned that he had received a nice promotion in his business and planned a come-back on our next hike.

This type of situation must be multiplied over many times and we feel that plenty of hikers would like to hear all about it. We aren't requesting keyhole gossip—just little odds and ends of personal news that would prove of interest to Skyliners.

The information does not need to be prepared in Shakespearean style—Just give us the facts and we promise to give them mention in the "Duffle Bag" column, or even wider space, according to the item.

How many, for instance, know that our good M.C.—Evelyn Boyd—is doing a grab job of teaching at Shelburne, Ont.? We feel that such little items will keep our organization more closely knit together.

★ ★ ★

OFF THE COB

With groceries at their present high price, the editor wishes to thank the thoughtful rider or hiker who sent him (anonymously) a large can of corn shortly after the '51 camp. The editor keeps it on his desk to remind him of the difference between humor and the type of corn he has been dishing out in the past.

The editor hopes that his style of humour will benefit as a result of these gratis groceries.

A Trail Hike of their Own

by ELSIE LLOYD and JOAN ALDERSON

HELLO, hikers! Elsie and Joan calling from England.

When we left the lovely Assiniboine country and parted reluctantly from our Skyline friends who had been so helpful with our plans for camping in the Rockies, we dashed back to Calgary to collect our camping kit and a fortnight's food, and set out for Lake Louise auto camp site. Here we erected our pup tent amid the pinewoods, and used the camp kitchen for cooking our meals, meeting some most interesting people there.

The trails round the Lake Louise area were ideal for walking and we soon explored the Lakes in the Clouds, and revelled in the wild flowers round Lake Agnes. The chipmunks were not at all shy and marmots appeared frequently beside the trail to the Plain of the Six Glaciers.

Our first night in the woods was peaceful, but when we returned to the tent on the second night a black shape was just moving away from it with much clattering of tins—exit our food pack! The warden put the bear to flight with his bright light and enabled us to recover the majority of our stores, but we did not feel at all brave about

sleeping in the tent. However, we got into our sleeping bags, all the time feeling that we were being watched. About midnight the bear returned to the place where the pack had been, and with the feeble beam of our flashlight and the frantic rattling of plates we sent him off. He only came once more that night and we scared him away without difficulty. During a day-time round of the camp, the bear took a fancy to our greasy pot-scourer and, whether or not this disagreed with him, he did not bother us again.

Our most enjoyable hike here was from the camp up Paradise Valley to Lake Annette and over Sentinel Pass to Moraine Lake. The day was fine and sunny and light-heartedly we turned off the road along a pleasant trail through the pines beside Paradise Creek. Soon we came to a small corral which contained a grave with a rough wooden cross and pencilled card which read something as follows:—

Dusty Millar, pioneer, 1900-1949, who gave his life saving a pack of dudes from a grizzly. We were unable to verify this, and feel it may have been a hoax.



*Pardon us
for staring!*

● Five days with the Skyline Trail Hikers was not enough for the authors, Elsie Lloyd and Joan Alderson, who both hail from England. They continued leisurely over trails of their own choosing, watching the pines turning to larches and seeing alpine meadows at their loveliest.

Gone was our carefree step—we fairly sped through the dark pines, raising our voices to avoid taking any bear by surprise (tactics learnt from Lou Shulman), and soon reached Lake Annette sparkling in the sunshine. Gradually the pines gave way to larch trees and beautiful flowered slopes as we proceeded up the valley until we finally reached the boulder-strewn approach to Sentinel Pass between Temple and Pinnacle Mountains. Many glaciers were visible from this point. Zigzag stony paths led us up the 2,000 feet to the head of the pass and we crossed several patches of snow. Even on these barren slopes little flowers survived—stonecrop and nodding pink. Sentinel-like formations of rock characterized the mountain ridges. A mountain rabbit came out of his hole to inspect us and two chipmunks were frolicking about.

Flower-strewn meadows

The path down the other side was easy and strewn with flowers, and we had fascinating views of Moraine Lake and the Ten Peaks as we descended rapidly to the road. Here we were given a lift back to our camp, the only disturbing factor being that the driver of the car was more interested in the views of Mt. Temple which he had just climbed than in keeping to the winding course of the narrow road.

Time to move on. We chanced to meet 'Robbie' on our way to Lake Louise Youth Hostel, where she happened to be staying, and we were sorry to be going in different directions. Leaving our spare luggage at the Hostel, we took to the Jasper Highway in the hope of reaching the Icefields and got a lift on a coal truck as far as Bow Lake Picnic Shelter, which was a grand camp site with lawn-like grass for the tent and lovely views of the Lake and the peaks beyond. We were so content here that we abandoned further thought of reaching the Icefields and spent two days wandering round Bow and Peyto Lakes. A family from New York spent a night at the camp and told us how, in Yellowstone Park, the elder boy had found a bear walking in step with him as he went to the refuse dump. In the boy's words, he 'handed the food to the bear, and walked smartly away' but his father inferred a less orderly retreat. We were offered a lift back to Lake Louise Y.H. just as we left the camp, and the American and his wife made us very welcome in their car. The wife said she just liked to hear the way we talked! It never seemed right to hear our speech termed an English 'accent'.

The Youth Hostel was very comfortable and pleasantly situated and, walking up the Ptarmigan Valley, we were able to picture Skoki Camp of a previous year and endorse the choice of such a delightful base.

Wolfie ("Buttercup") and many others had whetted our desire to camp beside Lake O'Hara, but the weather took a hand in upsetting these plans, so we compromised by moving on to Natural Bridge Y.H. and making an early start from there to spend the night at O'Hara Lodge. Had we but walked the rails from the Y.H. to Field we should have spared the passengers an unusual sight—two hikers in pleated shorts beetling along under large rucksacks for a train due to start 10 mins. earlier—but we caught it. The road from Hector was rather stony after our usual forest trails but we enjoyed the fine scenery and reached the Lodge in time for lunch.

The lake was a wonderful colour in the sunshine and reflected the encircling mountains with their streams and waterfalls tumbling into it. Disappointment awaited us here as the Lodge was full. We had no intention of returning to Hector for the night and sought another solution.

Eats Were Excellent

● What did Paul Revere say at the end of his famous ride?

The answer is "Whoa!"

And many trail riders said the same thing.

They also said that the "eats" on the '51 ride were the best yet.

We all agree—and forthwith doff our hats to Esther and Audley Richards and Betty who prepared the delectable bill-of-fare.

No hiker minded standing in line at the cook tent to receive his or her share of flapjacks, bacon and eggs, coffee in those cool bright mornings.

And the same can be said for the sumptuous repasts that awaited us in camp at the end of a day's ride.

I think all will agree that last year's menu was the best we have sampled in years.

We hope the same trio of culinary artists will be back with us in '52.

SKYLINERS ELECT "SANDY" SOMERVILLE



The new president and officers.

INTRODUCING Dr. A. "Sandy" Somerville of Edmonton, Alta., this year's president of the skyline trail hikers, is something like introducing Prime Minister Winston Churchill to the British.

Sandy, a former vice-president, who was elected chief executive at our '51 council meeting, and who distinguished himself by losing his binoculars, at last year's camp, is known to practically everyone in the organization who ever donned a pair of hob-nailed boots.

However, the secretary-treasurer, heeding the call of duty, decided he was not going to let this edition go by without a good yarn about Sandy. So he wrote the president-elect requesting details and received the most novel reply he has yet received from past presidents.

"Born?" asked the sec.-treas.—"Yes," answered Sandy, at Hartney, Manitoba, which he supplements with the words "hearsay only." Enquiring as to his education, his initial response was "Doubtful" which of course, no one believes.

Dr. Somerville attended a variety of schools in Manitoba, completing his early education at St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg, graduating in Arts and Science at University of Manitoba, (where the editor still boasts a history supp) and obtained his diploma in public health at University of Toronto.

Though he spent his earlier years in Manitoba, his professional career to date has been confined to Alberta. He has two daughters whom we hope will sometime follow their father's footsteps on the skyline trail.

For many years, official physician for the trail hikers Dr. Somerville is at present assistant deputy minister in the Alberta Department of Public Health. "This" Sandy tries to tell us is "chore boy—covering all the odd jobs that are not definitely allocated to someone else."

He took his first hike with the skyliners circa 1946 and hasn't missed one yet. His hobby, as most hikers know, is photography, both monochrome and color shots, and when time permits he sometimes tints his black and white prints. He has been a consistent winner of awards for annual winning hikephoto in the Bulletin.

Sandy has actually been nominated for president on other occasions but the nature of his duties has sometimes made it impossible for him to make definite decisions at the time of the annual meeting.

Last Fall Sandy's election was unanimous and we all wish him the best of luck as the head man on the '52 trail. We also hope those binoculars will eventually turn up.

▲ The happy looking group photographed above in the Chief's Tepee immediately following the annual meeting, shows President-Elect "Sandy" Somerville with newly elected slate of officers. President Somerville is shown extreme left, back row. Past President Caroline Hinman is seen third from left, middle row.

Aylmer Pass Proves Happy Choice

by GRAHAM NICHOLS

ALL'S well that ends well—and this applies to our Aylmer Pass campsite which was chosen as a last-minute substitute for the snow-clogged trails of the Wolverine Plateau which had been advertised and planned as our original campsite for the past summer.

The hike was an outstanding success. The weather perfect except one day, and spirits high at all times. Approval was unanimous for the grassy bowl that constituted our tepee village high above the green waters of Lake Minnewanka. The majority agreed that the sun-drenched alpine meadows, above timberline, offered a far better brand of hiking than could have been obtained in Kootenay Park's Tumbling Creek Meadow's, despite the fact that many members were looking forward to camping in this vicinity.

No one could be blamed for the last-minute change in plans. The outfitter had made a number of trips into the country, with horses and guides, and until late in the spring it seemed highly probable that both the riders and hikers were destined to camp in that area. Nature, however, had other plans and with an onslaught of late snowfall—with a good measure of deadfall thrown in—we were forced to make other plans on short notice.

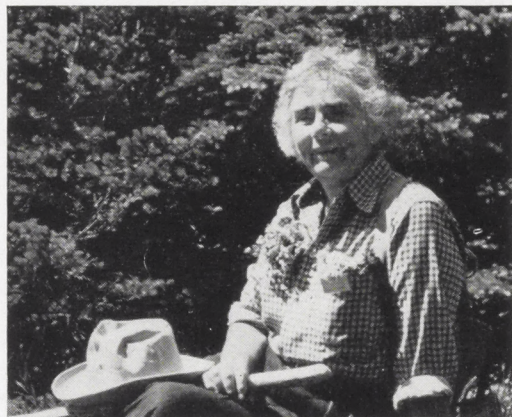
But unlike many similar situations, the alternative was definitely on the sunny side. The camp itself was close to perfect—even though a trifle compact due to the limited dimensions of the grassy bowl that constituted our campsite. From various directions, the trails took us along the marge of beautiful lakes, past turbulent waterfalls, up above the snow line to high ridges, which a few hikers descended via the ski technique rather than the more tedious art of walking. (See cover photo!)

Most of the alpine meadows were veritable flower gardens pinpointed by colorful little blooms of all descriptions. Heading the list were the Indian paint brush, which varied from hues of deep red to pale yellow, mountain asters, and forget-me-nots. To see little clusters of blooms gleaming among the snow patches of snow was a sight that seldom failed to fascinate the most fastidious hiker.

Many chose to hike to Lazy Lake, well named for those who preferred a short jaunt—accompanied by refreshments and a loll—on the shores of this alpine tarn which in some areas were

pierced by tongues of snow from the upper levels of surrounding hills. Others climbed just as near to the skyline as their boots would take them and must have added considerable footwork to their hiking mileage.

And never were mountain sheep to be seen in larger flocks than on these lush, flower-carpeted timberline meadows. These formed the most popular target of photographers interested in wild life, the animals being so tame that in many



Past-President Caroline Hinman, leader of '51 safari.

cases they could be photographed at uncannily close range.

A species of wild life, just as interesting but not so popular, were the shaggy grizzlies that observed us from ledges on nearby Mount Aylmer. During mealtime, it was a source of entertainment to watch these animals feasting their eyes on the hungry hikers—but they politely kept their distance at all times.

Skyliners had two methods of reaching their camp. Leaving Banff by bus, we were transported to the main landing at the head of Lake Minnewanka, where the majority transferred to the good ships "Minnewanka" and "Aylmer" proceeding by water a distance of some six miles to our trailhead at the foot of Aylmer Pass.

It was the first time that hikers had reached camp by launch—as well as train, bus and foot—so in this respect we appear to have set some kind of a record. The boat trip over the long narrow

(Continued on following page)

AYLMER PASS HAPPY CHOICE

(Continued from previous page)



body of emerald water, steeped in Indian lore, added much to the hike's success. A few hardy souls followed the lake shore on foot to the landing where the big climb commenced.

As usual the camp, composed of both veterans and newcomers from Canada and the United States, produced a variety of talent. All had high praise for Evelyn Boyd of Shelburne, Ont., who proved a magnificent substitute for our absent emcee Jean Stewart. All agreed that Evelyn did a wonderful job and never was there a dull moment with Evelyn at the helm.

Good weather kept us company on each consecutive day and Old Man Sunshine beamed down as we started the return descent to the lake's marge. Some of us lunched on the trail, others waited till they reached the landing where they enjoyed the supreme luxury of dangling their bare feet in the lake's none to moderate waters.

Those members who hiked the trail back to Minnewanka—rather than by the waterways—must have set a record in pop-consumption at the Minnewanka refreshment booth. The majority were picked up by bus for the ride back to Banff while a number of late arrivals were transported back to town by our good friend, Dr. Dowler of Leader, Sask.

Thus ended the skyline trail hike of 1951—one of the best many agreed in recent history. Here's hoping the trail of '52 will feature as wonderful weather, as wonderful people and as wonderful trails as the hike gone by.

← The scenes at left give an ideal "cross-cut" picture of last year's hike, depicting as they do, a number of familiar scenes in and around camp.

Shown above is our genial photographer, Ron Duke of Banff, snapped in a rare period of relaxation on the shores of Lake Minnewanka. Next below shows three stalwart hikers cooling their heels on the marge of an alpine tarn.

Third down—and one to go—shows how domestic hikers can be when the occasion arises, and with Eunice King giving the orders.

Scene below depicts two hikers hiking the trails the easy way—though ten to one they have just returned with a group of high climbers.

EXCHANGES

VIA the exchange route we salute the Boletín de la Sección de Montana, printed in Barcelona, Spain.

The fact that it is printed in the Spanish language, of course, makes the text something of an enigma for non-Spanish speaking readers. The editor, by mixing his somewhat limited knowledge of French, Spanish and Italian, however, can vouch for the excellence of its content.

But most impressive is the layout and photos contained in this excellent little magazine which illustrates the hazards of mountain climbing in the spectacular areas across the sea. Perhaps we can reproduce one of these in a future issue of the Skyline Trail.

Take our word for it—it's good.

● We also pay our perennial compliments to the editor and staff of the *Iowa Climber*, published in Iowa City, on behalf of the Iowa Mountaineers.

Though not in the dictionary-size class, it is jam-packed with interest, well laid out and makes the most of its photographic content. Their 1951 summer expedition, by the way, took them to Alaska.

We congratulate editors John and Ede Ebert for a job well done.

● We would not consider our exchanges column complete without mention of our good friend *MCM* published quarterly by the Mountain Club of Maryland, Inc.

A good sized mag, we find it one of the best of its class for a mimeograph job—and that goes for the pix and heads. The quality of its reading content is original and entertaining.

Orchids to editor W. Paul Hicks and his staff.

● A comparative newcomer to our exchange family is the *Trail Blazer* which blazes the newsprint trail for the St. Paul Hiking Club.

We appreciate the wit and streamlined style of a mag that can pack a wallop in 8 mimeographed pages.

● The *Adirondack*, published bimonthly by the Adirondack Mountain Club, also deserves a paragraph of praise for its recent editions. Editor Edgar B. Nixon does a neat job with his copy. A particularly interesting feature of a recent copy was "An Adirondack Walking Trip: 1909" by John L. Christie.

If we have left out any recent arrivals, we did not do so with intent. We are delighted to receive the numerous publications of other hiking clubs.



Horses have plenty of hiking to do as well as their two footed colleagues. To these noble and patient animals we owe the transportation of our duffle and eats—without which hiking would be something of a chore. Above: Cowboys load a willing packhorse.

The Cabot Trail

by G. A. DOELLER

HOW MANY skyline trail hikers are members of *The Order of the Good Time* founded by Samuel de Champlain in 1606? We became members last summer, after an 11-day visit in Nova Scotia, better known as Canada's Ocean Playground.

Among the high spots on the 2,100-mile circuit was The Cabot Trail, a 185-mile loop around Cape Breton Island. A swordfish dinner at the Keltic Lodge gave us a new gastronomic thrill. The Gaelic Mod at St. Ann College produced thrills for the eye and ear. The lads and lassies, in their gay tartans sang and danced. The drums and pipes of competing bands made genuine Scottish music and rhythm. Bathing in the ocean and sunning on several of the very attractive white sand beaches afforded pleasant interludes.

The 125-year old Gaelic Music Shop in Antigonish has books and phonograph records for the collector. Beinn Bhreagh, where the summer home of the late Alexander Graham Bell is located, is rich in memories of the inventor of the telephone.

Peggy's Cove is a "must" for artists and color photographers. Glace Bay, Neil Harbor, Lunenburg and many other boat-building and fishing harbors introduced us to many of the interesting activities of the people who go down to the sea in ships, while the C. P. R. hotels at Digby, Kentville, and Yarmouth offer excellent service. I can recommend the Order of the Good Time to any hiker!

Memories of Aylmer Pass

by F. H. W. CHANTER

THE AYLMER Pass camp of 1951 will long be remembered for the riotous and exotic meadows of wild flowers and herds of wild game viewed from the camp and its glamorous environs.

Leaving the Mount Royal Hotel on a perfect morning some 60 hikers were soon transported to the Lake Minnewanka Landing, there transferring to two fine motor launches to the foot of Aylmer Pass, some six miles up the lake.

Everyone was, as usual, in excellent spirits, and undaunted by the stiff climb of nearly 3,000 feet to the summit of the pass. One of the wranglers had gone ahead on horseback to prepare hot tea and coffee at a restful spot near the summit of the pass and this was ready by the time most of the stragglers had arrived.

You can take my word that tea or coffee never tasted as good—the writer began with tea and topped it off with coffee so can vouch for the excellency of both.

Here also we began to feel the cool breezes from the snows in the pass and after a good rest the hike proceeded under more favorable conditions. Shortly afterwards (about 2.30 p.m.) the hike party arrived in camp to be greeted by the “gooks” who tried to make us believe we had arrived at the wrong camp. We knew, however, that they were just kidding us.

Our camp was situated at the foot of the worth-west slope of Mt. Aylmer in an area rarely visited by man. There were little other than goat and

sheep trails so it was necessary to spy out the land a little to decide in which direction hikes should be made.

The long ridge on the north side of the camp, ending with a high peak, proved to be the choice for the first day, some taking the longer and easier way up the valley and past the falls before ascending, another group laboriously climbing straight up the shorter way. Needless to say, those who went all the way around reached their destination first while a few of the more daring climbed the second and higher peak where they erected a cairn.

Lunch was enjoyed on the hiker-christened “Chocolate Ridge” some 8,400 ft. altitude, and snow was melted for drinking by a number of ingenious methods. Most of the party returned via the little lake which is one of the sources of the Goat River, and which being the only lake in the neighborhood was well patronized each day.

Ominous clouds that had been building up during the evening produced a thunderstorm of no mean dimensions and most hikers had tales to tell of water dripping on their noses while tucked away in their sleeping bags. However, no one really minded as this was all that was needed to clear the air and make everything perfect for photography for the morning hike.

On the first day's hike a possible way had been sighted across two passes. Result: On Monday one party went on a voyage of discovery to the northwest. At the campfire, they gave such a thrilling account of their experiences that next day a much larger party made the trip with Bea de Lacy as leader.

The going was excellent despite the



← This arresting photo by Bob Loudon of Calgary shows trail hikers in an unique pose—with a shaggy Scotch collie at the lead. Note the snowfield forming this section of the trail.



A hiker and his dog—both from Edmonton. The two were popular with hikers. We might add that the collie enjoyed the hiking as well as his master and did not mind toting the haversack.



All ashore who's going ashore! This command sounds a bit foreign to trail hikers but it was given on several occasions as we embarked from Lake Minnewanka to our trailhead.

fact there were no specific trails to follow. However, being in the timberline zone and with a number of goat trails to follow we were well rewarded for our efforts. Miles of alpine meadows, gay with every description of wild flowers dotted the landscape.

These included columbine, delphinium, larkspur, Indian paint brush in a multitude of hues, heliotrope, forget-me-nots, fleabane, heather and anemones, rock roses, and moss campion at higher levels, the latter found in all sizes from pin cushion to pillow size, featuring a lovely rich shade of pink.

After the second pass had been climbed, it was decided to proceed to a grassy knoll by way of a mountain sheep trail. At this point a number of mountain goats were observed at distances of 200 yards. Though camera-shy at close range they proceeded leisurely along one of their trails across the valley and were visible to hikers most of the day. A herd of 26 were counted at one time.

Lunch was taken by a cool stream and after a brief period of relaxation the fun began. A flock of about 11 bighorn sheep approached by way of the trail we had previously followed, so we decided to keep out of sight and await their arrival.

● Skyline Trail Hikers are reminded that the secretary-treasurer is now receiving applications for the hike which is only a few months off. Please write the "sec-treas" stating your application and enclosing \$5.00 as a deposit.

They approached quickly within about 25 feet of our observation point and one would assume that never before did eight cameras snap so many pictures of wild life in five minutes.

The sheep surrounded us, gamboling about, coming closer one minute and farther away the next. Group pictures, close-ups and skyline photos were taken before all were satisfied and we could hardly wait to tell our trail comrades of our good fortune.

That evening the much-talked-of grizzly came out into the open on the mountains to our north and we all knew that the tales told by the park warden and the wranglers had not been exaggerated. However, all was well as the shaggy visitor proceeded in the opposite direction from the camp.

On Tuesday night, while the new party visited Henry's (?) Pass, some of us climbed Sphinx (or Sheep) Mountain on the east slope which proved fairly easy going. We had lunch on the summit with a fine view for dessert, coming down the snow gully leading to the lake where we joined a number of other hikers busy brewing tea.

Stunt Night, with Evelyn Boyd as M.C., was again a great success, and after the usual night cap of hot chocolate, some of the more energetic indulged in square dances with Clarence Richards setting the pace with his accordion and Audley Richards as caller.

Highlights of the '51 hike were perfect weather, the climb up Aylmer Pass, tea and coffee at the summit, the profusion of flowers and mountain game, the excellent flapjacks and last, but not least, refreshing our tired feet in the cool waters of Lake Minnewanka.

Want To Live Long?

● Here's a good piece of advice that appeared in a recent issue of an Alabama newspaper. It reads as follows:

Want to live longer? James Scott says all you have to do is to walk 15 or 20 miles a day—repeat 15 to 20 miles a day.

And the 65-year-old adventurer believes in practising what he preaches. He plans to start out today from Phoenix City to California. That was back in May and we've heard nothing new on the subject.

However, Mr. Scott estimated it would take him all summer, anyway.

The hikers salute you, Mr. Scott, and hope you made it.

Orchids to All Our Authors & Photogs

The *Skyline Trail* wishes to express its appreciation for the number of articles, items and photos which have contributed to the making up of the magazine.

In this respect we pay particular homage to Elsie Lloyd and Joan Alderson of Kingston-on-Thames, England; F. H. W. Chanter of Nelson, B.C.; G. C. Martin of West Vancouver, B.C.; Dan McCowan and Ann Barrett, the latter being a nom-de-plume—guess who?

We also appreciated the poems sent in by Lillian Gest of Merion, Pa., and those by Evelyn Boyd, Mr. Chanter, and other hikers which will appear in the June issue.

To Ron Duke, as official photographer on his first hike, we owe the vast majority of the photos appearing in this issue. There is still a backlog of "Ron Duke" pix in the editor's filing cabinet which will come in handy for the June edition.

Others sending in a fine selection of photos include Sandy Somerville, Evelyn Boyd, Doris Watson, Sydney Vallance, Bob Loudon, E. P. Holmes, and others.

We regret that space limitations have made it impossible to include other material submitted for publication, but we have it all on hand—ready for use in subsequent editions.

They're a "Must" for Fashionable Hikers!

THE editor has used a number of leads—designed to be colorful—to induce members to deck themselves out in a glamorous trail hike button.

Today, however, he is temporarily out of ideas (must be the weather) and will omit the fact that the buttons would be simply terrific for the fashion parades, help publicize the skyliners organization, add revenue to our coffers, and in general, serve as a happy reminder that trail hike days are not too far distant.

However, at the risk of being accused of repetition, we would like to remind all members that the buttons are in plentiful supply in the secretary's office, come in two colors with red and yellow predominating, are issued in screw-cap and brooch styles, and cost only \$3.50—the same old price despite mounting costs.

For the benefit of newcomers we repeat that the buttons feature the popular trail hike boot against a background of a column of hikers and mountains, with a shiny enamel finish over a brassy base.

To be eligible to wear the button, the candidate must have at least 25 miles of hiking over the specified areas of the Canadian Rockies in the Banff-Lake Louise area—where the finest trails are located. If you do not yet possess this mileage you can always acquire it at the annual hiker's camp which this year will be held from Saturday, August 2 through Wednesday, August 6.

Just write the secretary-treasurer, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, and the button will be mailed postpaid.



Eunice King lends a helping hand to duffel loading operations aboard the good ship "Minnewanka". It was the first time hikers travelled by water to reach their goal.



Fluffy summer clouds form an impressive background for the solitary hiking trio.



Centre: No place like an alpine meadow for a stopover, while those on the march below seem happy despite the snow.





Around the cauldron.



Chicken dance by Audley Richards.

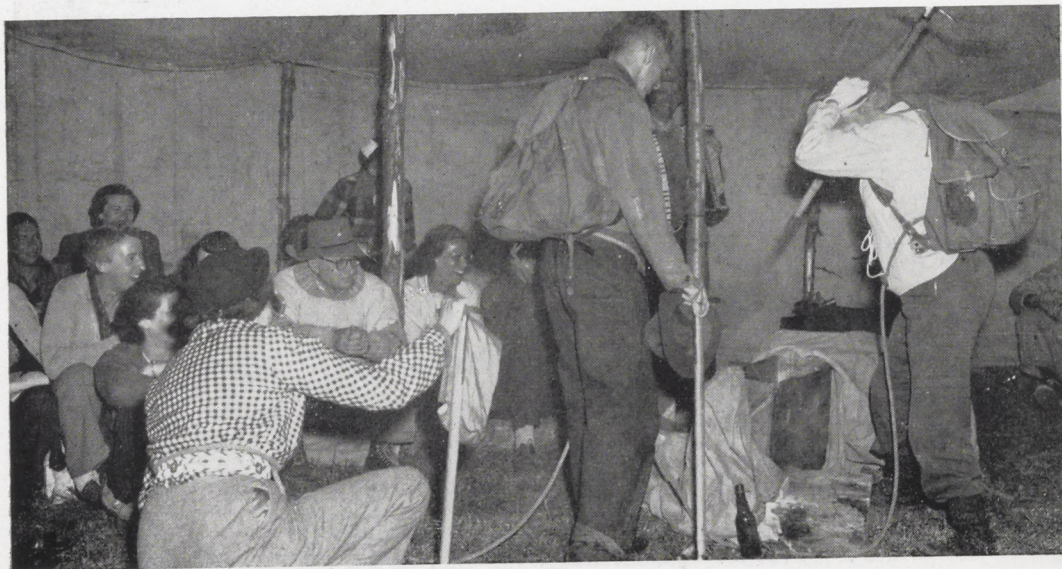
TALENT is where you find it—and there was plenty to be found right under the big canvas assembly tent on Stunt Nite—our last night in camp when every tepee annually puts on a show of its own—some rehearsed and others just made up as they went along—but all good, mind you.

This past year was no exception. With Evelyn Boyd at the helm, the show featured a lively series of acts—ranging from good old-fashioned melodrama to the ever-present beauty contest—with female impersonators appearing as handsome belles. (See the gent—repeat gent—at lower right).

Against an excellent background of accordian music by Clarence Richards, official hikers' musician, the show proceeded smoothly and with a minimum of delay between acts. And with "Emcee" Boyd on the podium, trail hike parodies by Dr. J. Murray Gibbon, were featured at regular intervals with all joining in the chorus.

It would be difficult to single out any one act for special distinction. Every hiker did his or her stuff, and despite limited rehearsals, every act

▼ Melodrama in one act.





Campfire shenanigans.



Hikers meet strange critters.

drew a big hand from the audience lining the edge of the Donut where warmth of good fellowship vied with that of the campfire.

The scenes depicted on this page were chosen at random but to really grasp the atmosphere the pix should be set to music and the pages provided with a soundtrack! The show wound up with the introduction of the new slate of officers, and words of appreciation to all who had contributed their efforts to the 19th annual trail hike. Not omitted were Audley and Esther Richards who served refreshments at the show's conclusion.

At such a show it would have been impossible for any one act to have "laid an egg" when staged and reviewed by comrades we had hiked and camped with for the past five days. Every movement had a meaning of its own as far as the hikers were concerned and this considerably strengthened the bonds between the actors and the audience.

A square dance was held for the night-hawks who remained after the show, with Audley Richards as caller and Clarence Richards providing the strains of "Old Solomon Levi." Too bad the talent scouts were absent.

Flirtatious female impersonator.

• Annual Hike Frolic
Sets New High
In Wacky Melody
And Slap-Happy Drama



BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Nice Trick if You Can Do It!

THIS IS the story of what this hiker encountered on his way to the 1950 hike and told to the group around the camp fire on stunt night, as well as he can remember it.

Little did the writer think when he packed his camping equipment in the car and started for Banff to attend the hike that he was going to stage any particular encounters with animals especially a moose.

Everything went according to schedule until I arrived at the bridge crossing the Kicking Horse river about seven miles east of Golden. Just as I crossed over a moose jumped out in front of the car and trotted down the road ahead of me. I had been told that a moose would not gallop and here was a chance which I would not likely have again, and I proceeded to find out.

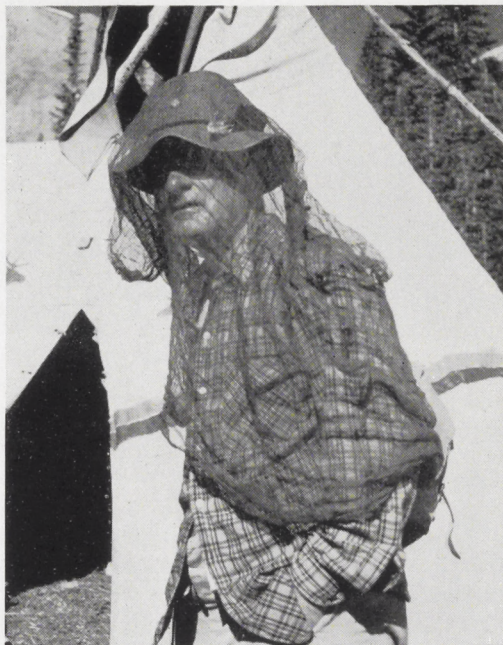
I speeded up and he just seemed to amble along until I hit 28 MPH and then he went into a gallop. Having satisfied my curiosity I slowed down to give him a chance to get off the road. Rounding the next turn here was that critter coming back at me and by the time we both got our breaths, his head was over the hood of the car, both of us equally surprised. With the river on one side and a mountain on the other, the situation looked nasty. After a lot of horn blowing, yelling and racing the motor he turned around and went down the road again.

Ready this time

After giving him a good start I surely felt that was the last of him. But a short way down the road he turned around and back he came again. I was ready this time. I was hoping he would pass me, but no. He backed up and charged several times but he always stopped short of the car. I guess it looked too big for him.

He finally turned around again, and as we were getting near the next bridge I hoped he would let me alone. This time I really gave him lots of time to get away, but much to my surprise there he was at the bridge in the centre of the road, as much as to say well you are not going to get to Banff today. By this time I was getting angry at being held up and it looked as if I would have to do something rather than just sit in the car and look at the scenery.

Now was the time for action and I proceeded to make plans. The best thing I could think of was to outfox him by getting him to exhaust himself running up and down the road, crashing



Here is the author, "Pop" Martin of West Vancouver, with his familiar insect repellent, which fellow members will note gives him plenty of protection. Pop swears by it while others do ditto at the skeeters.

into the mountain or better still get him headed for the river in the hope that he would tumble in. And that is exactly what happened.

According to Holmesey I have more shirts, sweaters and jackets than all the others in camp and I put them all on, with my slicker over them. Stepping out of the car I walked towards the moose, taking off my slicker and waving it, he fell into the first trap and rushing at me I stepped lightly aside just like I used to avoid those charging humans in my lacrosse and hockey days. As soon as he got tired of chasing that slicker I just took off a shirt and played him until he got tired of it and I just kept on taking off shirts and sweaters and believe me he was getting plenty tired while I was enjoying myself.

My last sweater was my ace, a beautiful pale green with broad orange stripes, the latest from Hollywood. I decided to keep this on and sure enough down he came at me with a tremendous rush but for some reason he stopped at the last jump and then I sprung into action. I landed on his head, much as the cowboys do at the Calgary Stampede. I got my arms locked backwards around his great horns and then the battle was on. Try as he might he could not shake me loose and of course he was using up his energy.

Just as I had planned, it suddenly dawned on him that there was a mountain there and turning he charged right into it, but I was cradled in

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those great horns and was quite safe. He followed this up two or three more times which really jolted and I think he realised he was beaten. I could feel his horns getting looser each charge and when he bounced back from the next one, towards the river, I jumped to the ground still grasping those horns and heaved him up into the air, whirled him around several times like two terriers, with first the moose up in the air and next it was me.

Finally I gave his head a twist first one way and then the other, this further loosened his horns. Then I gave a mighty heave and then saw something sailing out into the river. At first I didn't know whether it was the moose or me. Fortunately it was him, and when I looked down—well strike me green and orange—there in my hands were the horns of that pesky moose.

I put those horns in the car to show those sky line hikers on stunt night that this is a true story maybe. Thanks to Jean Stewart for believing this story without the evidence and thanks to Bill Round for them thar comfortable words "The most BULL I ever heard at a camp fire."

So long pardners, will be seeing you next year.

Fire!

Fire, fire, burning bright,
In my tepee every night;
What immortal mind and plan,
Shaped you for delight of man.

Fire, fire, gay and bright,
In the "Donut" every night,
Giving beat and cheery light,
You burn on for our delight.

Fire, fire, burning bright,
On the hillside thru' the night,
Jumping streams from crown to crown,
Only rain can put you down!

Fire, fire burning bright,
Forests melt before your might,
What careless, thoughtless, mortal band,
Let you loose upon our land!

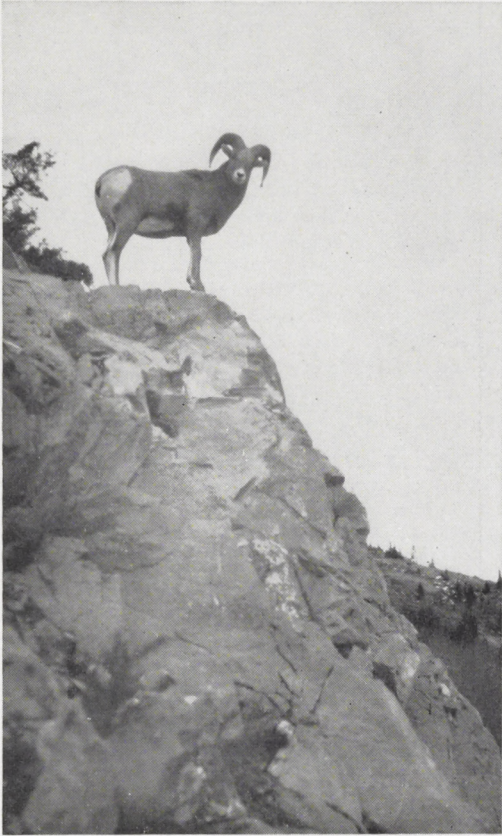
LILLIAN GEST



Relaxing has its place on the trail.

Streets of

by DAN McCOWAN



(photo by Dan McCowan)

Rocky Mountain Sheep.

IT WAS singularly appropriate that in the Rocky Mountains town of Banff the streets should have been given the names of animals native to the region. Summer visitors are charmed with a cottage or a cabin on Grizzly, on Moose or perhaps in lesser degree, on Squirrel Street. They are amused in knowing that Muskrat and Otter streets afford easy access to Bow river and that Buffalo street offers a short cut to the meat market. The town is expanding rapidly, so rapidly that before long I am hopeful of seeing a Porcupine Plaza, a Chipmunk Crescent and a Badger Boulevard added to the directory.

This old established national park in which Banff is so fortunately situated has an extremely large and varied animal population. In fact it would not have been amiss had one of the neighboring mountains borne the name Ararat. Were it possible to have a two-by-two parade of the mammals of the western mountains the spectacle would gladden the hearts of all camera owners. Following are a few random notes on some of the denizens of the woods and mountains in the neighborhood.

Pride of place should by right be given to the black bear, prime favorite with visitors both young and old. People who holiday in the

mountains and who during their sojourn fail to see one or more of these shaggy creatures take their departure with the feeling of having a distinct grievance. Comedian of the wilderness, the black bear is today a confirmed camp follower possessed of an abnormal capacity for confectionery. All bears of this species are not black in color; some are clad in a coat of cinnamon brown. All are highly emotional and shed copious tears when vexed. Stories of the creatures subsisting throughout the winter by sucking their paws are without foundation. In a recent magazine article on the black bear I was amused by the writers statement that one paw nourishes a bear for one month (a sort of 30 day sucker) and that the duration of hibernation is governed by the number of paws, as one might say, in stock. As a matter of fact the black bear does not actually hibernate but sleeps intermittently, as does the squirrel, through the winter season. One berry bearing shrub, two constellations and, some 417 creeks have been named for this species of animal.

Prominent in the open woods between Banff and Lake Louise are the elk, most handsome of the deer of North America. These animals strange to say have no gall bladder, but this apparently causes them but little inconvenience. Adult males, meek and humble in spring and summer, are arrogant and jealous in late autumn and early winter. When frost has turned the green of the poplars to gold and the hill tops are dusted with fresh snow the lusty lords of the herds, and their rivals, go on the air.

Bugle is disappointing

Popularly believed to bugle loudly through the forest glades, the actual performance is somewhat disappointing. Musically, the broadcast solo of a bull elk is a bit off key, in fact it might be compared with the swan song of a stuck pig or with the creaking of an iron gate swinging on rusty hinges. Venison of the elk is palatable but its food value is hardly equal to succulent beefsteak. The antlers, cast annually, are in demand for curio store cribbage boards. The canine teeth of males of the breed furnish watch fob emblems to members of a well known fraternal brotherhood. The pelt tans nicely and makes good leather. Otherwise the animal is useful in filling short gaps in crossword puzzles.

Banff are Well Named

The Canada moose is also largely in evidence in the Rockies. Related to the now extinct elk of Eire it resembles a horse on stilts and is a confirmed vegetarian. The bulls devote the entire summer to chain feeding and to the growing of large flat antlers suitable for decorating the gables of summer cottages. In late autumn rival males produce weird vocal sounds similar to those made by a New Brunswick guide "mooing" through a birch bark megaphone. In the art of taking cover and of avoiding detection the moose is only excelled by that artful dodger, the pack horse. It should not be confused with the wee timorous cowering beastie about which Robert Burns wrote with so much pathos.

Sheep mistaken for goats

Rocky Mountain sheep are the chamois of the Canadian Alps. They have no wool and are frequently mistaken for Rocky Mountains goats which grow wool in abundance. The rams have massive curved horns which are used as bumpers in battering other rams and not, as is sometimes alleged, as landing gear. That these sturdy mountaineers leap headlong from lofty crags and escape injury by alighting on their horns is altogether fanciful. The Stoney Indians fashion spoons and ladles from sheep horn and make fine leather garments from the pelt. Unfortunately for the breed the mutton is superior to that of domestic sheep. Otherwise, save for being plagued by amateur photographers and wood ticks, the animals are relatively carefree.

Visitors to the Canadian Rockies seldom see a mountain goat except at a distance which is perhaps a good thing for all concerned. It is difficult to distinguish a white goat from a snow patch. I have been told that at Lake Louise the forefingers of resident guides are worn to a stub from pointing out pin point goats on lofty cliffs to tourists anxious for sight of these steeplejacks. Strange to say the animal is not a true goat but an antelope. Of this the creature is completely ignorant. It chews the cud but eschews tin cans, pillow cases and newspapers as articles of food. The pastern is short. So also is the temper and a wild goat in a tantrum had best be avoided. Why the males should all be called "Billy" and the females "Nanny" is one of the problems confronting the student of natural history.

In massive rock slides at timberline the hoary

marmot is much at home. Grand uncle to the groundhog, it delights to sit on the apex of a limestone boulder and whistle to the passing wayfarer. Hence the French-Canadian name of "siffleur". Fond of juicy plants, superior scenery and toothsome mushrooms and wetting its whistle with glacial water this penthouse tenant hibernates for almost two thirds of each year. The only quadruped in Canada furnished with thumb nails it is allergic to sun dogs, eagles, weasels and avalanches. The fur coat is a bit shoddy and the flesh being about equal in value to that of low grade gopher, the marmots are thus permitted to go about their business unmolested and to whistle cheerfully to a ripe old age.

If on a trail ride or trail hike you skirt the fringe of a rock slide it may be your good fortune to become acquainted with a small animal which looks uncommonly like a guinea pig in a chinchilla fur coat. This permanent resident in the high glens is called pika or cony. Remaining active throughout the entire winter they are then a source of worry to people who, having contracted ski fever, resort to the Rockies at that season of the year. A thoughtless cony, strolling across a snowy hillside in February might easily un-nerve a skier in the midst of an otherwise perfect slalom or some such caper. In the hush of a summer evening these winsome little creatures may be

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Hardy bikers like B. J. Bowman of Calgary, enjoy reclining on the shores of a frigid mountain tarn—You can have it "B. J." We'll settle for an alpine meadow, with or without flowers.

● "The way was bright with columbine and many other species of alpine flora as we sped happily along the trail—now beside a babbling brook, then in the woods above—and all the time the ever-increasing river sang or roared through the rocky valleys."

The Alpine Club Lodge was deserted, but, to our joy, we saw the old Doughnut and some tepees not far away, and hastened to see the guide who had been with us on the Trail Ride. He offered us a tepee to sleep in, but could not promise us any blankets. We soon prepared for a chilly night by making a bed of spruce boughs (trail lore again) and collecting a pile of firewood. The rest of the afternoon we explored round the lake and then had supper at the Lodge. When we returned to camp, the guide gave us a spare tent to sleep on and found four blankets, so after all we were very comfortable and did not have to take turns to keep the fire burning all night.

Frost at night

What a breakfast we had next morning at the Lodge—a week's bacon ration here would have looked small beside that plate of ham! There had been frost at night and the morning was heavenly as we set off up McArthur Pass for the long walk back to Field along the Ottertall River—the longest trail we had attempted. It was only 500 feet to the top of the pass and we got up quite quickly in spite of such a large breakfast. We had our last look at Lake O'Hara and its circle of mountains, one of them with its turrets snow-covered resembling a tremendous wedding cake.

There was a sharp descent of nearly 2,000 feet in the next three miles until we reached McArthur Creek, but the way was bright with columbines, gentians, Indian paintbrush and many other flowers, and we sped happily along the trail, now beside the babbling brook, then in the woods above, through pasture land, which zigzagged to gain or lose height; and all the time the ever increasing river sang or roared as it made its tortuous way through the rocky valleys. We came upon a cow moose grazing quietly a short distance away and her calf bounded away through the woods close by. No sign did we see all day of another human being, though the ranger's cabin had traces of recent occupation. Many snow-capped ranges and glaciers came into view as we followed the long trail, and the variety of the scenery prevented us from feeling wary. When we reached the main road at the end of the day after a good 20 miles steady walking, we were offered a lift straight away, and were we grateful?

Our time in the mountains was drawing to a close and we had but one day left. This, too, was perfect, and we set off from Field to go over the Burgess Pass to Summit and Emerald Lakes. A warden told us where to look for goats on our proposed route. We climbed slowly up through the trees to the pass 3,000 feet above, having

only fleeting glimpses of the surrounding mountains. At the head of the pass the country opened out and we saw Mt. Burgess and Mt. Wapta and Emerald Lake—rightly named—below. Glaciers and an icefield stretched out into the distance. The trail wound round Mt. Wapta at about 7,000 feet, and we spotted a herd of some 40 goats.

We had the most beautiful views all round until we entered the pinewoods which brought us to Summit Lake—a lovely clear stretch of water. The way to Emerald Lake was very stony and rough and several streams rushing down from the mountains had to be crossed on logs or jumped. The lake was peaceful in the setting sun with the glowing reflections of the sun-tipped mountains and its stillness was only disturbed by rising fish. We reached Emerald Lodge at dusk and a truck conveyed us at breakneck speed, regardless of danger, to Natural Bridge.

Thus ended our stay in the Rockies. Although we reached such a very small part of them, we did get to know some of their inner beauties and our experiences in Canada and the friendliness of the Canadian people will be cherished amongst our happiest memories.

BANFF STREETS WELL NAMED

(Continued from previous page)

heard calling to others of their kind, the sound being clearly audible at a distance of about three feet.

A porcupine ambling through the woods or waddling across a highway should always be given the right-of-way. This animal may not readily be mistaken for a moose although in poor light it does resemble a bear. It has knobby tread feet both front and rear, is streamlined like an automobile and moves intermittently at the rate of about one mile per hour or portion thereof. Some years ago, roughly speaking, Shakespeare described the animal as being of fretful disposition. Since then I have heard people in various parts of the Rockies speak of the whole tribe in language quite un-poetical and harsh. Afflicted by ulcers of the stomach and troubled by palpitation of the heart, beset by enemies both furred and feathered and menaced by seasonal threat of forest fire, small wonder that Porky frets and fumes.

Should an inquisitive adult porcupine invade your tepee in the dead of night you had best vacate the conical lodge. Notify the nearest forest ranger. These men always enjoy a good laugh.



● Hikers, upper left, look fit and ready for the trail; those at right may feel like shivering — but don't appear to be. Below Skyliners trade the rocky trails for a snowfield en-route to Minnewanka at the camp's conclusion.

They Fly Through The Air!

by ANN BARRETT

IF ANY trail riders or skyline hikers claim affiliation with the "Brotherhood of Anglers", and are planning a fishing-trip this coming season . . . it would be wise to bring along rod and reel and linger awhile in these environs. The reason for this "tip" is, that it has been whispered that "there are trout in these Rocky Mountain streams"!

This good news comes from Art Coldbeck, superintendent of the Banff fish hatchery, who tells us that the Banff National Park (which is justly proud of its famed rainbow and cut-throat trout) has been stocking up some of the previously inaccessible mountain lakes with something "brand new" in the way of cold water lake-trout, which ought to tempt the skill of many a fly-caster's art.

We are also thrilled to hear that lovely Herbert Lake in the Lake Louise area, is being re-stocked with some of the sportiest fresh-water game-fish, and will be open to fishermen this 1952 season. We wager at that, that many a reel will be screeching at the crack o'dawn, or at sunset, for ten-pound steelheads for the taking!

● To make up for the delay in our post-hike edition of Skyline Trail, another issue will be published and circulated sometime in June.

The editor regrets that circumstances made it impossible to get the issue out on schedule and promises to do better next time.

He also wishes to extend sincere thanks to those fellow hikers who paid visits to the Calgary hospital and sent so many kind messages urging the patient to get back on those good old Rocky trails.

Here's hoping these thanks can be extended in person when we get together at the evening sing-song and hike those grand trails amid the larches and alpine meadows on Simpson Summit come August 2.

"Cross-Breeding" Experiment

These trout, which have already been placed in the lake, are the off-spring of a lake-trout female and a brook-trout male, and are a result of an experiment in cross-breeding that started four years ago in the Banff fish hatcheries. It is interesting to note too, that already a new scope has been started in the fishing world, through these trout having spawned before being placed in Herbert Lake. This means that their fry is now rapidly growing up in the Banff fish hatchery pools, to be ready to stock up other lakes and streams in the park in the near future.

Always an attractive spot for visitors, the Banff fish hatchery has had many new improvements since it was first built in the year of 1912. Most noticeable, being the shining mirror-like pools which are cradled near the side of the main road, which leads to the Bow Falls. These three outdoor oval-shaped pools, approximately 20 by 30 feet, are stocked with fish of various sizes, enjoying the "life of Riley", until they are big enough to be removed to mountain lakes and streams.

There is also a small natural lake amidst water-imaged pines nearby, containing numerous fish, all going through the same process of maturing until the removable stage. Of course this lake is not open for fishing.

Which, apropos to this, reminds us of a humorous fish-story that went the rounds some years ago, about the little Chinese boy, who worked at a Banff hotel and on a couple of occasions was seen in the early morning with a string of rainbow-trout. Growing a bit suspicious, a member of the staff followed him one morning, and to his astonishment, he discovered the young Oriental flat on his tummy fishing in the outside natural pool of the hatchery. Needless to say, "There was no more poaching for China-Boy, that season!"

Four Large Inside Tanks

The fish are given every chance known, to grow and develop faster and stronger, in four huge circular tanks which are kept inside the hatchery. Here, the water is pumped into these tanks under a 15-pound pressure from a small pumping-station, which brings the water in from

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the Bow River. With the constant flow in one direction, the fish are thus exercised in quite a depth of water.

Approximately 450,000 eggs are brought into the hatchery annually. Of these, 300,000 are cut-throat eggs, 100,000 rainbow, and 50,000 eastern speckled brook trout. The latter, are easily singled out by the vermiculations along the back, red fins with white edgings and square tails.

Removable wire-trays equip the 16 inside-hatching-troughs, where the eggs are kept until they are from 48 hours old until a period of 21 days. During this stage, the eggs are never disturbed. Depending on the temperature of the water the eggs should hatch from 35 to 80 days later, when the shell is cast off, and the fry is left with an egg-sac attached.

This provides the food for the fry and lasts from 10 days to three weeks. When hatched, the fry are about $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch long fish. After the sac has been eaten up, the fish are then fed with prepared fish-food and remain in the trough until they are three to four months old. They are then placed in either the round tubs inside the hatchery, or in the ponds, outside.

So to anglers, who can cast a "whirling-fly", be sure to keep a date in this "Anglers' Paradise".

Former Hike Leader Dies in Banff

Hikers will learn with regret of the passing of Lt.-Col. P. A. Moore of Banff, a past president of the organization and a member of the trail committee.

Born in Bayonne, N. J., in 1879, Col. Moore graduated from Princeton College in 1902. He was well known as an athlete in his earlier days and keenly interested in military affairs, serving overseas in World War I.

Always a lover of the Canadian Rockies he headed to Banff shortly after graduation. There he married the daughter of one of Banff's pioneer families, Pearl Brewster, also a past president of the trail hikers.

In Col. Moore's passing, Banff and the Canadian Rockies have lost one of their most beloved champions.



Satisfying the "inner" biker.

Hikephoto Prize Is Waiting for You

NOW is the time for hikers to send in those last-minute entries to our annual "Hikefoto Contest" which will pay \$30.00 for the best three photos taken on the trail of '51.

Photos can be accepted only in black and white glossy finish, suitable for engraving, and must be enclosed in a sealed envelope bearing a nom-de-plume to match, the same nom-de-plume printed plainly on the back of each entry.

The photographer's bona fide name should be enclosed on a slip of paper, which also features his or her nom-de-plume. In this way there can be no discrimination.

Judges, by the way, are three competent artists and photographers, none of whom is a trail rider, and the judging is carried out under strict supervision.

Deadline for the contest has been extended to May 15, so let's have those entries as quickly as possible.

In addition to receiving a cash prize, the winner or runner-ups will have their photos featured in the June issue of the Skyline Trail. We will also be pleased to run non-winners, at the editor's discretion, and with the permission of the photographer. We promise you a credit line for all such photos reproduced.

We might also remind you to get your camera equipment oiled up for our next hike slated for Saturday, August 2nd through Wednesday, August 6th—not so far off.



The snowfield in background fails to perturb sun-bathing skyliners as they munch their lunch on a soft bed of rocks adjoining the big slide.

DATES TO REMEMBER

● Most important dates to remember for Skyliners this year are, of course, Saturday, August 2nd through Wednesday, August 6th. These are the dates of our 20th annual "bunion derby" and it's going to be a dandy, we predict.

However, if you're in the Banff area 'round about trail time we suggest you also look over the following:

July 7-12—Calgary Stampede

July 17-20—Banff Indian Days

July 18-22—Trail Ride No. 1

July 25-30—Trail Ride No. 2

Any of these added attractions, particularly the 28th annual camps of our sister organization, the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, should be well worth a stay in our magnificent mountain country.

● In case you wonder why our hike dates are later this year than usual we must refer you to the calendar. As both rides and hike were starting one day earlier each year we just had to move them all ahead, and start the reverse procedure all over again. And remember, early August provides ideal weather—mostly.

The trail riders too have selected correspondingly later dates for their own camps this year.

— ● —

Let Horse Do the Hiking!

If you have a kindly boss who will let you arrange your vacation accordingly, why not try to work in that second ride commencing July 25?

This will give you, in addition to a delightful six days of camp life, a chance to condition yourself for the days ahead when you'll have to rely on your own feet rather than horsepower.

Dates for the second ride are Friday, July 25, through Wednesday, July 30. Our base camp will be located between the Egypt Lakes and Marmot Ridge on the crest of the continental divide.

For further particulars please write the Secretary-treasurer, Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, Room 294, Windsor Station, Montreal, Canada.



Let's Give Jeannie A Great Big Hand!

● At the time of writing, we have been informed that our favorite "emcee" Jean Stewart, camp secretary and mistress of ceremonies at the nightly sing-songs has been taken ill.

We feel sure that all hikers and riders will join in the wish that Jeannie, who has spark-plugged so many of our camp sing-songs in the past will be completely well by the time we go to press and that the familiar smile under the equally familiar ten-gallon hat will be back to direct the programs this summer.

Jean, as most of us know, was absent from camp last summer for the first time in many years, due to a position she accepted in New York that made it impossible for her to attend.

Here's wishing Jeannie a speedy recovery and an equally speedy return to the campfire posium.

Skyline Trail Hikers

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 Vallance, Sydney R., Banff, Alta.
 Vallance, Peter, Banff, Alta.
 Vallance, Mrs. S. R., Calgary, Alta.
 Van Haften, Miss G., Amsterdam, Holland.
 Vaux, Henry, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Vey, Miss Margaret, Tranquille, B. C.
 Waddell, Mrs. Alice, Calgary, Alta.
 Wagner, Miss Edith, Picton, Ont.
 Wall, Miss Shirley, Armstrong, B.C.
 Walker, D. H., Penhold, Alta.
 Walker, Miss Elva M., Monterey Park, Cal.
 Walker, Major W. J. Selby, Calgary, Alta.
 Ward, J. D., Bronxville, N.Y.
 Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta.
 Ward, Miss Margaret, Evanston, Ill.
 Watson, Miss Doris, Lethbridge, Alta.
 Watson, Miss Kay, Calgary, Alta.
 Wayne, Miss Eileen, Calgary, Alta.
 Webster, Mrs. E. C., Staveley, Alta.
 Weekes, Mrs. Mary, Regina, Sask.
 Westinghouse, A., Saanichton, B.C.
 Wheeler, John O., Sidney, B.C.
 Wheeler, Brig. Sir Edward O., M.C., Banff, Alta.
 Wheeler, Lady Dorothea, Banff, Alta.
 Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, B.C.
 Wilde, Mrs. W. J., Stratford-on-Avon, Eng.
 Wilder, Miss Emma L., La Crosse, Wis.
 Wilson, Miss Gladys, Edmonton, Alta.
 Wilson, Miss Leonore, LaCrosse, Wis.
 Winn, Dr. A. R., Montreal, Que.
 Wolfenden, Mrs. L. C., Toronto, Ont.
 Wood, Miss Marion B., Conshohocken, Pa.
 Wortman, Mrs. Margaret, Enderby, B.C.
 Wright, Miss Gwen, Vancouver, B.C.
 Wurstenberger, F.L., Turner Valley, Alta.
 Wurzburger, Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wurzburger, Mrs. Paul D., Cleveland Heights, O.
 Wyatt, Miss Elva A., Chicago, Ill.
 Wylie, Miss Bessie, Calgary, Alta.
 Wylie, Miss M. C., Calgary, Alta.
 Yauch, C. E., Olds, Alta.
 Young, John, Edmonton, Alta.
 Zech, Mrs. Luther, Howard Lake, Minn.
 Zillmer, Dr. Helen, Milwaukee, Wis.

THE preceding three pages should contain the names and home towns or cities of every member of the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

If your name or address has been omitted the editor will see that it is included in the following issue if advised before May 15. Some of those listed, we believe, have since changed their address or marital status.

We also have an idea that some names may be mis-spelled, in which case the editor will be glad to have any such errors rectified immediately on notice.

Or if you know of a friend hiker whose name does not appear, whose address has been changed, or is otherwise represented, the editor would be exceedingly grateful to receive such advice.